

Cottage Grove Sentinel

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THOSE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

At this of resolution-making it might be appropos to recall the words of a wise old philosopher of a long forgotten era. He said:

"Every first of January that we arrive at is an imaginary milestone on the track of human life; at once a resting place for thought and meditation and a starting point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The man who does not propose to himself to be better this year than he was last must be either very good or else very bad indeed."

PORK CHOPS ON TINIAN!

"Battle News," newspaper of the United States Marine Corps, relates the story of the young Marine stationed at Tinian in the Marianas, who approached his superior officer and said: "Sir, I was attacked by a pig." Aware of the order forbidding Marines to kill any livestock found at large on the island, the officer deliberated the case in all seriousness, and after due consideration nodded his head and said: "Save me a piece."

WILL FREEDOM SURVIVE VICTORY?

Another year of war has drawn to a close. Volumes of rhetoric will be written about the awful destruction of the past twelve months. Puny efforts will be made to describe the suffering of the men of the armed forces, who face death day after day, year after year, far from home and loved ones. Actually, there are no words that can adequately sum up 1944, the most critical year in American history.

The astounding thing about the home front is the fact that except for the families of service men, it lives normally and has no conception of the horrors of war. Communiques from Washington on the price of toilet paper or some other trivial item fill countless columns in the press. Social security planning, "full" employment and dizzy talk of a contented postwar world, with all the worries assumed by a benevolent government, arise from the American scene like a haze from a swamp. Clear, unqualified thought on the subject of personal freedom, is almost totally lacking.

As the war moves on, country after country sees the spectre of oppression and government by small cliques loom larger and darker over the world. The United States is no exception to this trend. Much of our postwar planning is a crazy mixture of individual initiative and bureaucratic paternalism. The conflict between those who believe in state socialism and would have the government take over basic industries, and those who believe in the superiority of privately owned enterprises, has led to rash promises. Many on both sides apparently believe that the crux of the issue is a full stomach, with the result that a material value has been put on freedom. Each side has striven to outpromise the other until it has become rank heresy to suggest that there may at times be lean going in the future.

Millions expect government to furnish them jobs, to guarantee peacetime prices, to protect them from the insecurity of competition. They should remember that the more they ask of government, the less freedom they will have. If government ends by owning most of industry and employing most of the people as well as regulating the lives of the remainder, freedom will become a mockery. As Robert S. Henry, eminent writer and historian, observes:

"The right of nonconformity is ultimately the most important of human rights but I doubt if it can long exist independently of the right of private property. After all, the man who owns nothing, and has no hope of owning anything for himself, is under a terrible handicap in expressing untrammelled individuality. He is without a place for his foot to stand upon, in opposition to the conforming forces of the collectivist state."

Our people could lose everything of material value as the price of victory in this war and still have a bright future. However, let too much government destroy the freedom and hope of the individual to build again and there is no future. The right of ownership is more important than ownership itself.

Dorena

Mrs. Alice Etheridge and son of Salem and Mrs. Ray Kanel of Portland spent the holiday week end at the Herman Kanel home.

Don Monroe, S 1-c of the N. A. S., Pasco, Washington, spent Christmas day at the home of his mother, Mrs. Florence Monroe.

Christmas dinner guests at the Louis Dodge home were Mrs. Mary Land and Mrs. Ada Jennings of Harrisburg, Donna Jennings of Eugene, Mr. and Mrs. Ole Alpine and family of Mt. View and Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Jennings and son Gary.

Mrs. Chas. Teeters was brought home Sunday from a Eugene hospital where she had been receiving medical treatment.

Mrs. S. V. Dudley, who has been at the Bird Rest home in Eugene for some time, was home over Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Stoney Bales and family spent Christmas at Oakridge at the home of Mrs. Bales' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Smith of Lorane spent Christmas with Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Dudley.

Mrs. Olive Mull, grade school teacher, is spending the holiday vacation at her home in Eugene. Mrs. Orpha Hutchison and Mrs. Leta Culver are at their homes in Cottage Grove.

Jerry Mosby, who is attending the University of Oregon, Eugene, spent last week at the home of his mother, Mrs. M. Mosby.

Mrs. Frances Cooper, who teaches at Mt. View, is spending the holiday vacation in Salem with

her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. French.

WAXING HEELS AND TOES OF STOCKINGS ADDS WEAR

An old European practice for saving wear on heels and toes of stockings has been revived and recommended for use in this country by USDA research people, reports Miss Lucy Lane, extension specialist in clothing and textiles at Oregon State college.

The practice consists of rubbing paraffin or candle wax on heels and toes of hose. In actual tests on wearing machines this treatment kept hose from holes four times as long as those untreated. The wax is merely rubbed over the heels and toes of the stockings before each wearing. Even if waxing is not repeated until after several launderings, enough remains to add considerably to the durability, the experiment showed. The wax can be used on cotton, wool or rayon hose. If only a thin film of wax is applied, it will not interfere with the proper laundering of the stockings, nor will it change their appearance, Miss Lane reports.

Clean Rags

Cloths that have been used to polish furniture or to apply wax can be cleaned by soaking in sudsy water to which a small amount of kerosene has been added.

SECRET WEAPON

He kissed her on her ruby lips; It was a harmless frolic; But though he only kissed her once, He died of painter's colic.



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XI: Open season on Japan's big adventure is near. Scott gets his first Jap—an army bomber on the ground. He burns up some Jap trucks and a fuel dump.

CHAPTER XII

After following the Salween to the South until I could see Lashio, I turned West for the field and came in right on the treetops, strafing the anti-aircraft guns in two passes. On the second run across the field I felt and heard bullets hitting my ship, but didn't see their origin until nearly too late. Down close to the West end of the field, almost under the trees, were Japanese ground soldiers. They were grouped into two squares like the old Macedonian phalanx, and were firing rifles at me. I turned my guns on them and could see the fifty-calibre fire taking good toll from the Jap ranks. But even after I had made three runs on them, I noted that they continued to hold their positions, an excellent demonstration of perfect battle discipline. Later on one of the AVG aces, Tex Hill, told me that he had seen the same thing down in Thailand, and that after he'd strafed one of the squares of about a hundred men and there were only two or three on their feet, those few still were shooting at him when he left the field.

Leaving Lashio, I went to Katha looking for a Jap train on the railway, but succeeded only in gathering a little more ground-fire. From there I went back North to Bhamo, and seeing no barges, continued on to Myitkyina, keeping very close to the surface of the Irrawaddy, and strafed the gun positions of the enemy on the field with the last of my ammunition. When I landed I had made almost eight hundred miles, which is just about the limit for a fighter ship, especially since I had strafed at full throttle for several minutes. There were a few holes in my ship, but mostly in the fabric of the rudder and the flippers. The Japs couldn't learn to lead me enough; I guess they'd never hunted game birds.

In less than an hour I took off again and made a shorter trip to Mogaung and Katha, searching without success for a train. After getting more fuel I went back and strafed Myitkyina, turned South, and caught a barge of enemy equipment at Bhamo. Though I didn't sink this river boat, I put at least eight hundred rounds of ammunition in it, and left it settling in the water and drifting slowly with the current. The crew either were killed or jumped into the river.

And now, to close the big day, I got in the air again and set my course for the bridge on the Salween about twenty miles West of Paoshan. I had received a radio report that the AVG under Tom Jones, Bishop, and Tex Hill were dive-bombing the Japs who were constructing a pontoon bridge there. Reaching the rendezvous point, I couldn't see a thing except some burning trucks that the AVG had strafed on the Jap side of the Salween; evidently I had got to the battle too late.

I had turned South towards Lashio and was flying through a moderate rain when, down below on the Burma Road, I saw a troop column marching South, probably towards Chefang. At this point the Burma Road is about eight thousand feet above sea level, rising nearly to its ceiling, just over nine thousand feet.

The troops below me were Japanese soldiers, evidently retreating from the mauling they had taken back there on the river, when the AVG had bombed them with five-hundred-pound bombs. I turned to the side, to watch them—they were in heavy rain, and from the standpoint of their own safety they were in the worst possible place on the road. The Burma Road was cut off by red Yunnan clay, and there were steep banks on both sides of the column—besides I don't think they had heard me over the roar of the rain, and I know they hadn't seen my ship.

I turned my gun switches on and dove for the kill, sighting carefully through my lighted sight. My tracers struck the target dead center, for I had held my fire until the last moment. There was no need of doing this job at high speed, for if I merely cruised I'd have longer to shoot at them and could also look out for the hills hidden in the rain and the clouds. This time there was no dust, but the red, muddy water went up like a geyser. The six Fifties seemed to cut the column to bits. As I passed over, I could see those who hadn't been hit trying desperately to crawl up the muddy bank to the safety of the trees and slipping back.

Turning very close to the hills, I came back over. Every now and then I'd lose them, for the rain was heavy and it was dark in the clouds, so dark that my tracers burned brilliant to the ground and then ricocheted away into the air again, still burning. I think it was in my third pass, as the Japs seemed to be giving up the effort to climb off the road, that I decided my ship would be called "Old Exterminator."

Their officers must have called double-time, for they spread out as much as they could and ran South on the road through the rain. I kept on cutting them to pieces until my ammunition was gone; I fired 1,800 rounds into those three or four hundred Japanese, and I don't think more than a handful escaped.

Rather tired from ten hours' flying that day, all combat, I went back home excited but somewhat on the thoughtful side. It had taken me about two weeks of flying this ship to realize what a weapon it really was. I had just seen it cut a Japanese battalion to bits, had seen the firepower of one American airplane leave three or four hundred dead and dying enemy soldiers in the mud of the Burma Road. As I listened to the roar of that Allison engine and patted the gun-sight affectionately, "Old Exterminator" was more than ever a character to me—it was an institution. I knew right then that this ship was almost a human being.

As the May days drifted into weeks, I made up little schemes to fool the Japs. Perhaps the schemes worked, perhaps they didn't—anyway they eased the disappointment of not getting letters from my wife and little girl and from the other folks back home.

I'd make my two, three, or four mission flights a day with the fighter. But I'd go early in the morning with the spinner on the "shark's" nose painted white, and I'd attack Lashio or Mogaung from the South. Later in the morning I'd strike from the West, with the spinner painted blue. After lunch the eager painters or my drafted crewmen would have the spinner another color for my flight. By the time I made the fourth sortie, with the spinner a fourth color and my approach from a fourth direction, I'm sure the Japs didn't know where I came from—and most certainly they didn't guess that the American fighter force in Assam was composed of one single Kittyhawk. If they had, they would have been forced to do something to "save face." For at the moment, with me drunk with the wine of my first combat, the Jap was losing face.

During this month I went to China as much as possible to talk to members of the AVG. Some of these pilots I had taught to fly in the Army Schools back home. I had checked quite a few of them and I was older, but I'm glad I realized then that these younger pilots knew a million times more about combat than I did. I'd corner some of these Flying Tigers and ask them questions, for I longed for the day when I'd get to fly on attacking missions with them.

At first they were hard to know. The men they had met as representing our Army in China had been pretty harsh with these high-strung flyers, who after all had done the greatest job in the war against the enemy. In the beginning they were reluctant to answer my questions or tell me the secrets of their success in combat. They couldn't understand why a Colonel in the Army Air Corps had to know anything. As George Paxton put it: "Didn't the Army know everything? 'Seems like to me,'" he said, "every army officer we've seen out here knows all the answers."

When he found out that I was serious, and that my ambition was to get over there and fly with them, and learn combat from them, so that in the end I might teach it to our younger pilots who would be coming out, he told me things that I would never have learned otherwise.

"First," he said, leading me under the wing of one of the P-40's, "the Old Man says, never talk with one of the Zeros. He says that's bad."

I learned that the Jap ship would outmaneuver anything and would outclimb the P-40 four to one. "That doesn't matter," Paxton said. "The P-40 is the strongest ship in the world. It's heavy as hell, but that makes it out-dive just about anything, and it'll out-dive the Jap two to one. With those two Fifties and the four thirty-caliber guns in the B's we have done pretty good. Now with the six Fifties in the new Kittyhawks we out-gun anything."

He told me that Hill, Rector, Bond, Neal, Lawler, and other aces had seen Zeros disintegrate in front of their six Fifties, and went on to advise that I use the good qualities of the P-40's against the bad qualities of the Jap, but never try to beat him at his own game—climbing and maneuverability.

Paxton did me a lot of good—he got me my first flight with the AVG on the Emperor's birthday. But the Jap didn't come in. We were the most griped bunch you've ever seen. Everyone up and waiting at three a. m.—and then the dirty so-and-so's didn't have the guts to come in!

I heard a story on George Paxton that will show you the kind of tough Texan he was. It was down over Rangoon, near Mingaladon air-drome, in the early days of the Burma war. Doctor Gentry, who told me the story, said that the squadron

George was in was aloft and engaging the Japanese over the field. Looking upstairs, you could see the condensation streamers criss-crossing the sky, and every now and then a trail of smoke as a Jap Zero burned and plunged towards the earth.

Finally eight or nine Zeros ganged up on George Paxton. They got on his tail and they got all over him. He fought his way partially out of the trap, but two of them right on his tail literally shot him to pieces. George's ship was seen to trail smoke and dive straight down, from about fifteen thousand feet. Doctor Gentry said they watched the stricken Forty and knew who it was by the number. As it disappeared behind the trees they mentally crossed the boy Paxton off their list of living men.

But George and the sturdy P-40 were not through. There was the surging scream of an Allison engine's last boost, and the ship skimmed over the trees and made a belly landing on the soft part of the field. Even then, considering the number of Japs who had been using George for target practice and the way the ship looked, with big holes in the tail, wings, and fuselage, as they drove out for him in the leap they expected to find just a body.

Instead, they found George Paxton standing by the side of his ship, swearing and shaking his fist at the sky.

Doctor Gentry said he looked into the cockpit. The instrument panel was just about shot away, the rudder pedals were partly shot to pieces, the armor of the pilot's feet was badly bent—but Paxton was out there yelling:

"I still say those little snakes can't shoot!"

Even his Texas boots were practically shot off. Two doctors picked rivets from George's back all the afternoon, and Jap explosive particles from his feet, legs and hands. The worst injuries had been caused by the Japanese explosive bullets hitting the seat armor and driving the rivets through into George's back. But for the armor, those explosives would have been in Paxton's back, instead of just the rivets.

On May 17, I flew with the AVG on a mission from Kunming into Indo-China. Squadron Leader Bishop led the attack. I flew the wing position with R. T. Smith, one of the aces of the Flying Tigers and one of the pilots I remembered checking during his training days at Santa Maria, California.

We got off the Kunming field with our fighters and headed South over the lakes at twelve thousand feet. In a few minutes we passed Meng-tze and the clouds thinned out and the weather got pretty clear. We went just about over Laokay, on the Chinese Indo-China border. Then we followed the River Rouge through the very crooked gorge in the mountains, on South towards Hanoi.

Just about halfway between the border and Hanoi we saw a train coming North on the railroad. Bishop led four of us down to strafe it while the other four stayed at twelve thousand feet for top-cover. We circled over the train as we spiralled down to attack, and while the speed of the dive built up I got my gun-switch on and tried to trim the ship for the increasing speed.

As we levelled off and went in for the kill, I saw Bishop's tracers hitting the engine. By the time I got there—in number two position, on Bishop's wing now—the white steam was spraying from the punctured boiler. I saw the engineer and fireman jump from the locomotive, and as we went on down the cars, shooting into them, I saw Jap soldiers and probably Vichy French civilians jumping off too. We came back and set some of the cars on fire. It was a cinch now, for the train had stopped and was no longer weaving through the narrow curves of the gorge.

While the train was in engine

Write the name of the engine

Write the name of the engine

Write the name of the engine

Write the name of the engine

Write the name of the engine

NORMAL BACKBONE ESSENTIAL TO NORMAL NERVE FUNCTION

Dr. J. Madison Taylor asserts in a recent issue of the N. Y. Medical Journal:

"Full flexibility of muscles is necessary to maintain motor competence, prompt response to volition, transference of motor stimuli, to secure reaction tissues, and to permit and encourage ebb and flow of fluids and nerve impulses. Normal mobility of the backbone is essential not only to the function of the vertebral supports, but also to maintain the integrity of the lateral branches of the spinal nerves, rami communicantes, etc., in order to preserve vasomotor and visceromotor competence, ebb and flow of fluids and the inherent rhythms."

"A fertile but unutilized field of relief and cure is that of pressure exerted on the paravertebral tissues by finger tips whereby vasomotor and visceromotor effects are induced."

DR. H. A. HAGEN

YOUR HEALTH AND WINTER

by Dr. H. A. Hagen

Mark Twain is supposed to have originated the comment that everyone talks about the weather, but no one does anything about it.

Well, admittedly, it is rather difficult to take constructive action against the Weather Man. But there is something you can do—something quite definite and specific—concerning the effects of the weather on your personal health.

Along about this time of year many people begin saying, with marked resignation, "Oh, how I dread the Winter." They take it for granted that they are going to suffer a series of colds and other complications. So they just shiver and shake—and huddle up waiting for Spring.

Now, that is no way to confront an enemy. Is it any wonder Winter gets you down? We aren't saying that you can automatically work some hocus-pocus that will give you a new point of view. If you dread Winter now, the chances are that you aren't ever going to look upon it as your favorite season. But you can rob the treacherous and trying season of much of its terror, simply by building up your system so that you will not fall an easy victim to every malady that comes along.

How can you do that? You can do it most effectively by following Nature's plan of life. By living more as Nature intended man to live. See that you get a reasonable amount of exercise and fresh air. Eat wholesome, well-balanced meals. Avoid extremes of heat or cold in your living and working quarters. Keep regular in your habits. Get enough rest and relaxation; plenty of refreshing sleep. And perhaps most important of all: do not let toxic poisons accumulate in your system; see that vital life-giving energy is permitted to flow freely to every organ and part of your body.

So long as the vital energy produced in the brain is permitted to flow freely down the trunk line of the spinal cord, and thence over a network of nerves to all parts of the body—so long, we say, as this system functions normally, sound health prevails.

Powder Kills Pests

In many cases poison powders ground very fine are more effective as killers of crop and other pests than the same powders in larger particles.

NEW LAND BOOM NEARS OLD PEAK

Land prices in Oregon are now at about the same level as the World War I land boom peak, according to a discussion of the trend in land values contained in the current issues of the Agriculture Situation and Outlook issued by the O. S. C. Extension service. The Oregon index stands at about 163 per cent of the 1935-1939 level. The index was 91 at the bottom of the "bust" in 1930-1934, the report shows.

FREE AIR

A column of Fun 'N Facts By Mike



Howdy Folks; Now comes word of a man who has patented a process which makes soap out of coffee.

Boy, we are glad to hear that, because we thought that some of the restaurants were using the reverse english on that process.

Some folks often made coffee for lunch out of breakfast grounds during the shortage, but that seemed more like a recipe for breaking the habit.

Senator Sorghum said his daughter had a chance to marry a general but didn't take the opportunity because it would break up all her private affairs.

The Senator's daughter is the gai who was so dumb she thought a goblet was a sailor's child.

BULL-ETIN Two men got off the bus. One had come to town for good, the other was a marine on furlough.

Here's a good buy, folks Gilmore Batteries.

CLARK'S SUPER SERVICE 129 North 9th Phone 252

Advertisement for Mountain States Power Co. featuring a cartoon character holding a calendar for January 1st. Text includes: Joyous New Year, FROM ALL THE GANG AT MOUNTAIN STATES, WE ARE ALL WORKING TOGETHER TO SERVE YOU WELL IN 1945. Mountain States Power Co. "A Self-Supporting, Tax-Paying, Private Enterprise"

(Continued next week)